

1500/250.
CONSCIENCE

PERSONIFIED,

AN

ALLEGORICAL SKETCH:

AND THE

PET LAMB,

AN

ELEGY.

By JAMES CAWDELL, COMEDIAN.

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CONSCIENCE

PERSONIFIED.

A Heathen SAGE, with light divine, unblest'd,
Thus once, we're told, a Christian YOUTH address'd;

“ Pray, what is CONSCIENCE, theme of Christian song,
That awful arbitress of Right and Wrong?
Is it an Angel or a Devil, pray,
That rules your minds with such despotic sway?”

“ Both” cried the Youth, “ and though it strange may seem,
She boasts by turns each opposite extreme:
Chearful as day or gloomy as the night,
A pleasing, frightful, heterogen'ous Spright!
This hour a Goddess, rapt'rous to behold,
The next a Dæmon, of terrific mould!

B

With



With different power she rules the self same breast,
And either wakes the soul, or lulls to rest.

“ As passions vary in each human creature,
So varies she in Action, Shape, and Feature.

“ Where revel rioters their standards rear,
And lewd debauch'ry shocks the modest ear :
Where wanton orgies, dang'rous as profane,
Are held by Beings, wicked, weak, and vain :
Where Eastern plund'ers stain the plains with gore,
And butcher millions to increase their store :
Where murder's meditated, thefts are plann'd,
As thirst of blood or gold directs each hand ;
Where artless maids, pride of the human race,
Are doom'd by savage lust to foul disgrace ;
Where more than monsters, men resolve to tear
That treasure from their friend he holds most dear ;
Where frauds are practis'd, perjur'd vows are made,
Where every deep seducing art's display'd ;
Till the lost wife and injur'd husband sever,
And find their peace of mind destroy'd for ever !
Where brutal dealers in the fable race,
Chain, scourge, or murder, void of human grace ;
Where bankrupts vile, erect their brazen crest,
And spurn those objects by their frauds distress'd

Where



Where lost to feeling, callous to remorse,
 Each son of vice pursues his guilty course;
 And hurried on by fools or knaves applause,
 He fearless tramples on religion's laws:—
 But short's the joy that fills his conscious breast,
 His triumph ceases at the hour of rest

“ Soon as the day deluding sports are o'er,
 And forc'd enjoyments drown his thoughts no more;
 Soon as the blushing sun his head declines,
 And on a guilty world no longer shines;
 Soon as the sable night her curtain draws,
 And wearied nature gives to toil a pause:—
 Then comes the awful period of his life,
 And nature shudders at the mental strife;
 Stung by reflection, scorning to complain,
 He seeks that rest so often sought in vain:
 Soon as his eye-lids, enervated, close,
 And all his hopes are center'd in repose;
 Then CONSCIENCE wakes, and quits her lurking cell,
 The tale of horror and of woe to tell.

“ See from the pillow crawls the shapeless Spright,
 Her eye-balls blazing with terrific light!
 Her grinding jaws in horrid discord grate—
 Her teeth envenom'd speak the culprit's fate!

Her

(2)
Her tongue with double barb, of spiral mould,
Piercing its object, never quits its hold;
A mortal drug beneath its root is laid,
And poison follows where the wound is made.
In dread succession moves each snaky fold,
Her crest erecting, horrid to behold;
She darts at once upon the victim's breast,
Affails his peace, and storms the gates of rest.

" Now view him trembling, struggling for relief,
His face distorted, speaks his inward grief:
His pallid muscles, quiv'ring limbs declare,
The dire approach of horror and despair!
Disjointed slumbers but increase his pain,
And frightful dreams distract his tortur'd brain;
Now in his heart the sanguinary tides,
Quick ebb and flow, as stern reflection guides—
Now beating, burning, fraught with heat intense,
Each pang proportion'd to each past offence;
Whilst swoln drops emerging from his brow
In piteous currents down his bosom flow,
As if to seek and quench the fire of woe!

" At last he wakes, his mental pains increase,
And worlds he'd give to buy a moment's peace;

But

But 'twill not be, his pray'rs are yet in vain—
 For injur'd CONSCIENCE will her right maintain.
 Therefore to Penitence he first must fly,
 And next to Retribution must apply;
 Then meek eyed Mercy may unlock her store,
 And CONSCIENCE smiling, chide his soul no more.—
 Such is the pow'r of CONSCIENCE," said the youth,
 " And such her empire o'er the foes of truth."

" Dreadful dominion!" cried the hoary Sire
 " If such her rule, if such her vengeful ire;
 Goblins like this, may christian sons disgrace,
 But such an Imp ne'er curs'd the heathen race.

" The form you've given her, whether false or true,
 Still shocks my mind and glares me full in view;
 Then change her shape, new mould the frightful Elf,
 Your pencil cleanse, and paint her other self."

Assenting straight, the modest youth began,
 To draw her portrait on a diff'rent plan,
 The outline sketch'd, proportion'd just and true,
 His pallet glows with tints of beauteous hue;
 His eager pencil moves with grace and art,
 The hand directed by th' unerring heart;

A task so pleasing charms the artist's soul,
'Till fair perfection crowns the finish'd whole.

" Where lib'ral Prelates, Heaven's just agents here,
With splendid virtues, grace their mitred sphere;
Where under them each moral virtue thrives,
Their snowy lawn, fair emblem of their lives;
Where active goodness guides each deed and thought,
And practice executes, what precept taught.

" Where faithful Husbands seek domestic peace,
And scorning change, behold their joys increase;
Where true to marriage, constant to their vow,
Eternal sun-shine smiles upon their brow :

" Where gentle Fathers view their prattling race,
And smile with rapture on each growing grace;
Where moral strains attune each tender string,
And round their fire the list'ning infants cling :
Where grown to manhood, punctual to their trust,
They ape their parent, and like him are just :

" Where manly Pleaders, warm in pity's cause,
Explode the policy of slavish laws ;
Where zealous eloquence exalts her voice
To crush those laws that millions may rejoice ;

To

To mend the faulty heart, expand the mind,
And prove the rights of Freedom to mankind;—

“ Where gen’ral good the feeling man inspires,
To yield that balm the wounded heart requires;
Where sweet Benevolence, with open hands,
Makes no distinction when distress demands;
Where kind relief’s no sooner ask’d than felt,
Where HOWARD* travell’d, and where ALLAN† dwelt;
Where beings great as these command our praise
And each th’ extent of human worth displays,
There CONSCIENCE shines,—in all her bright array—
The Night’s best friend, and faithful guide by Day;
When loth to leave such scenes of sweet delight,
Reluctant day submits to gloomy night;
When ceaseless toils, the man of worth bear down,
And soft repose ascends the torpid throne:
When conqu’ring Sleep assumes the right to reign,
And o’er his senses throws the silken chain;
Then comes fair CONSCIENCE, at Reflection’s nod,
In form a Cherub, in effect a God!
Perch’d on his pillow waves her snowy wings,
Smiles on his face and to his bosom clings,
Charms his rapt soul, and like an Angel sings.

Enchanting

* The Philanthropist.

† Miss Allan late of Grainge.

Enchanting sweetness decks her heav'nly brow,
 And round her form seraphic beauties glow,
 Her roseate cheeks in bloom celestial shine,
 And every feature boasts a charm divine.—

“ Shou'd dire disease attack his guiltless heart,
 And stern affliction hurl th' envenom'd dart,
 Her balmy breath, with pow'rful essence crown'd,
 The poison kills, and heals the bleeding wound ;

“ Shou'd disappointment vex his virtuous breast,
 Or sad misfortune rob his mind of rest,
 She ever watchful shields him from despair,
 And brings him fortitude, distress to bear.—
 To prove the following truth, each nerve exerts
 That,—*Fortune's frowns are not his own deserts.*

“ When fly Temptation, with alluring smile,
 Tries ev'ry art his virtue to beguile,
 He stands unmov'd, the guilty bliss disdains,
 His guardian, CONSCIENCE, o'er delusion reigns ;
 'Tis she who wards the wily archer's aim,
 Protects his honour and preserves his fame.

“ Or when absorb'd in more than common thought,
 His rebel reason to revolt is brought ;

When

When wild ideas agitate his brain,
 And fill his mind with undeserved pain :
 Then see how sweetly she her pow'r employs,
 To banish grief and court returning joys ;
 See round his neck her snowy arm she twines,
 And o'er his ruffled breast her head declines ;
 Her gentle hand glides o'er his furrow'd brow,
 And smooths those symptoms of the bosom's woe,
 Soft peace she whispers to his list'ning ear,
 Repels each pang, and stems each starting tear.
 In accents sweet applauds his matchless worth,
 Extolls that heart which gave such merit birth ;
 Then bids him rouse, his resolution arm !
 Renounce despair, and spurn the false alarm !

" 'Tis done, he lives, the pow'rful word is given,
 The voice of CONSCIENCE is the voice of HEAVEN."

When wild ideas agitate his brain,
And fill his mind with unbidden pain,
Then see how sweetly the harp's soft tones
To banish grief and court returning joys;
See round his neck her snowy arms the while,
And o'er his ruffled breast her hand decline;
Her gentle hand, and hush his fever'd brow,
And smother those tumults of the bosom's power,
Not scarce the whisper of his sighing ear,
Keeps each pang, and hush each burning tear,
In sweetest peace, and hush his matchless worth,
Extends that heart which gave such sweet delight;
Then bids him rest, his resolution stem,
Renounce desire, and spare the false alarm;
The done, he says, the howl that was given,
The voice of Conscience, the voice of Heaven.

(13)

THE
P E T L A M B.

WHERE is the heart, by custom steel'd so hard,
That can yon melting fight unmov'd behold?
Where is the breast so lost to soft regard
That can the sigh of sympathy withhold?

Poor trembling victim, hear his plaintive cries;
See how he shudders at the threat'ning knife;
With pit'ous bleats, he ev'ry effort tries,
To move his butcher, and to save his life.

But all in vain, the glutton must be fed,
The greedy epicure must be obey'd;
Volupt'ous dainties must the table spread,
The word is past, the fatal price is paid.

Hold! murd'rer hold!—a moment stay thy hand,
Look on his snowy fleece, his harmless face;

Emblems

Emblems of innocence confess'd they stand,
Then spare his life, and save thy own disgrace.

Think but a little on his pleasing pranks,
When chilling winds first drove him to thy door;
In playful bounds he gave thee ample thanks,
'Twas speechless gratitude, he cou'd no more.

Through the drear winter, shelter'd by thy care,
Fed by thy kindness from thy humble board;
Preserv'd from hunger, and th' inclement air,
By thee befriended, and by thee restor'd.

Think with what faith he gave th' alarm of day,
When op'ning morn her sable curtains drew;
As on thy cloaths beside thy bed he lay,
His bleat was just, and as the morning true.

Think when at eve, returning from thy toils,
You sought that rest which worldly cares demand;
Laden from him, perhaps, with verdant spoils,
Think how he leapt to kiss thy fost'ring hand.

Then canst thou now that hand of kindness raise,
And 'gainst his life that weapon direful wield?

No,

Emblems

No, drop the steel, deserve compassion's praise,
And let thy purpose, to thy pity yield.

But 'twill not be, his quiv'ring limbs are bound,
His writhing body's hurl'd upon the bier ;
His plaintive bleats are unavailing found—
Compassion flies, and not a friend is near.

When near his throat the knife approach'd for death,
He heav'd a sigh upon it's polish'd blade,
Which blushing wept at mis'ry's parting breath,
And from the savage grasp it shrunk dismay'd.

But now resolv'd, again the steel's applied ;
The struggling victim hangs his bleeding head,
Whilst down his cheeks the tears of anguish glide,
To wash the murd'ring hand, by which he bled !

Thus lost to feeling, pit'ous cries, and tears,
The harden'd wretch compleats his sanguine plan ;
And proves that tygers, wolves, and hungry bears,
Are not more savage than that tyrant MAN.

F I N I S.

No, drop the steel, deceiver, compassion's guile,
And let the purpoise, to thy prey, abide.

But 'twill not be, his pitying hands are bound;
His writhing body, laid upon the ground,
His plaintive pleas are unavailing sound—
Compassion flies, and not a friend is found.

When next the threat the knife approach'd for death,

He heaved a sigh upon his death-blade,
Which blushing wept at his dying breath,
And from the savage gulf, the chimney'd



But now reliev'd, again the steel applied,
The struggling victim hangs his bleeding head,
Whilst down his cheeks the tears of anguish glide,
To wash the murder's hand, by which he bled.

Thus lost to feeling, his own cries and tears,
The barren'd wretch conceals his languine pain;
And proves that tyrant wolves, and hungry bears,
Are not more savage than the human train.